



Time Card at Keytesville.

**GOING EAST.**  
No 2 Eastern Express 12:53 p m  
No 4 Atlantic Express 12:53 p m  
No 6 Mail and Express 9:30 a m  
No 12 Pacific Express 2:35 a m  
No 12 Pottawaburg Accommodat'n 10:49 a m  
No 10 Way Freight 12:40 a m

**GOING WEST.**  
No 13 Pottawaburg Accommodat'n 1:43 p m  
No 21 K. C. Accommodat'n 4:09 a m  
No 3 Western Express 2:40 p m  
No 11 Pacific Express 2:35 a m  
No 11 Local Freight 10:49 a m  
Daily. Daily except Sunday.

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Clerk County Court—H. H. Miller.  
Judge of Probate—H. C. Minter.  
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CIRCUIT COURT—Regular terms the second Mondays in February, May, August and November.  
CIRCUIT COURT—At Keytesville, first Monday in April and third Monday in October.  
SALISBURY—Second Mondays in January and July.

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# "A Bartered Life"

By MARION HARLAND



## CHAPTER XII.

WILL you have the kindness to ring that bell again, Harriet, and inquire whether Mrs. Withers has returned?" fretted the convalescent. "It is after six o'clock, and I am faint for want of nourishment."

The dutious dependent obeyed, then slipped from the room to push investigations upon a plan of her own. In a quarter of an hour she reappeared with an agitated, yet important countenance, that arrested her cousin's regards.

"What is it? Where is she?" he demanded, impatiently. "You have heard something. Tell me at once what it is?"

Harriet collapsed as gracefully as her unpliant sinews and stays would allow into a kneeling heap upon the floor at his feet. "My beloved cousin! My dear, deceived angel! I have heard nothing that surprised me. I dared not speak of it to you before now, agonizing as was my solicitude. You would have driven me from you in anger had I whispered a word of what has been the town gossip for months, to which you only were blinded by your noble, your generous, your superhuman confidence in your betrayers. I see that you are partially prepared for the blow," as he grew pale and tried without success to interrupt her. "Brace yourself for what you must know, my poor, ill-used darling! Your brother and your wife have eloped to Europe in company!"

For one second the husband staggered under the shock. His eyes closed suddenly, as at a flash of lightning, and his features were distorted, as in a wrench of mortal pain. Then all that was true and dignified in the man rallied to repel the insult to the two he had trusted and loved. "I do not believe it," he said distinctly and with deliberate emphasis. "You are the dupe of some malicious slanderer, my good woman. Edward Withers is the soul of integrity, and my wife's virtue is incorruptible. Who told you this absurd tale?"

"Mrs Withers stated to you that she was going to drive alone this afternoon, did she not?" Harriet forgot the pathetic in the malicious triumph as she proceeded to prove her rival's guilt. "You heard her say it," laconically, and still on the defensive.

"Yet John says she called by the office to take up Mr. Edward Withers, and that they drove in company to the wharf, where lay an ocean steamer. He saw them go on board, arm in arm, and although he waited on the pier as long as the vessel was in sight, they did not return."

"I will see the man myself." Crossing the room with a firmer step than had been his since his illness, Mr. Withers rang the bell and summoned the coachman. His evidence tallied exactly with Harriet's report, and she flattered herself that the inquisitor's manner was a shade less confident when the witness was dismissed.

"You have said that this disappearance was no matter of surprise to you, and added something about vulgar gossip. I wish a full explanation," he said, still masterfully.

Thus bidden, Harriet told her tale. Before their return to the city in the autumn, she had seasons of anxiety relative to the intimacy between Mr. Edward Withers and his beautiful sister-in-law. Not, the unsuspecting virgin was careful to affirm, that she doubted then the good faith and right intentions of either, but she feared lest Mrs. Withers' partiality for the younger brother might render her negligent of her husband's happiness and comfort. The winter festivities had brought the two into a peculiarly unfortunate position for the growth of domestic virtues, and eminently conducive to the progress of the fatal attachment which was now beyond the possibility of a doubt. Although one of the family, and known to be wedded to their interests, she had not been able to deter busy-bodies from sly and overt mention of the scandal in her hearing. She had, on such occasions, taken the liberty of rebuking the offender, and maintaining, in her humble way, the honor of her benefactors' name. But she could not silence a city full of tongues, and they had wagged fast and loudly of the husband's indiscreet confidence in the guilty parties, and their shameless treachery.

He checked her when she would have related upon this division of her subject. "I will have no hearsay evidence. What have you seen?"

Harriet demurred, blushing, not, as she presently appeared, because she had seen so little but so much. Duets, vocal and instrumental, had been the vehicles of living intercourse—hand-springing, meaning sighs and whispers, her blood had often boiled furiously in beholding the outrageous maneuvers practiced in the very sight of their trusting victim. Her eyes, in passing from their smiles of evil import, their languishings and caresses to the serene face bent over the chess-board, or wrapt in innocent slumber, had alternately overflowed with tears and glowed with indignation.

"But all this was as nothing compared with my sensations on the morning of the day in which you made your will. Chancing to enter your dressing-room, on my way to your bedside, I surprised Mrs. Withers and Mr. Edward Withers standing together, her head upon his bosom, his arms upholding her, while he whispered loving words in her ear. He kissed her at the very moment of my silent entrance,

with this remark: 'We have too much to live and to hope for, to nurse unhealthy surmises and fears.' I could testify to the language in a court of justice, and am positive that his reference was to your possible recovery."

"No more!" The mischief-maker was scared out of her gloomy exultation by the altered face turned toward her. "Please excuse me from going down to dinner today. I am very weary, and shall spend the evening alone," pursued Mr. Withers, with a pitiful show of his old and pompous style. He arose as a further signal that she must go, when she threw herself before him and clasped his knees.

"Elnathan!" the body eyes strained in excruciating appeal, "do not banish me from you in this your extremity! Who! Who should be near you to sustain and weep with you but your poor devoted Harriet—she whose life has but one end—the hope that she might serve and aid you; but one reward, your smile, and so much of your love as you may see fit to bestow upon so worthless an object?"

But in the honest sorrow that bowed the listener's proud spirit to breaking, her factitious transports met no response beyond weary impatience. The caprice that had flattered the unworthy complacency of his prosperous days rang discordantly upon his present mood. He wanted pity from no one, he said to himself, and in his rejection of hers, there was a touch of resentment, the consequence of her unparagoned denunciation of Constance. He might come to hate her himself soon. Just now he almost abhorred the one who had opened his eyes to his own shame. "You mean well, I dare say, Harriet," he said, in his harshest tone, "but you are injudicious, and your offers of sympathy are unwelcome. I am sure that I shall shortly receive a satisfactory explanation of this mysterious affair. As to your gossiping friends, I can only regret that your associates have not been chosen more wisely. Now you can go."

She made no further resistance, but hers was one of the chamber doors that unclosed stealthily when, at midnight, the rattle of a latch-key sounded through the front hall, and was followed by the entrance of the two supposed voyagers. There were more wakeful eyes under that roof that night than the master recked of, and a bevy of curious gazers peered from the obscurity of the third story into the entry, where Mr. Withers had ordered the gas to be kept burning all night.

"You see we are expected," said Edward to his companion.

Mr. Withers met them at the head of the staircase, clad in dressing-gown and slippers. "Ah, here you are. How did you get back?"

"The obliging captain hailed a fishing yacht and put us on board," answered his brother. "Have you been uneasy about us?"

"Only lest you might be carried some distance out before you fell in with a returning vessel. You look very tired, Constance. I shall not let her go with you again, Edward, unless you promise to take better care of her."

"Tell him just how it happened, Connie," laughed Edward, and the conference was over.

"They played their parts well all of them," muttered Harriet, stealing back to her sleepless pillow. "But they need not hope to gag people now that the scandal has taken wind; murder will out."

Her sagacity was proved by the appearance in the next day's issue of an extensively circulated journal of a conspicuous article headed "Scandal in High Life" setting forth the elopement, per steamer to Europe, of the junior partner in a well-known banking house with the beautiful wife of his brother, the senior partner of the aforesaid firm. The intimacy of the fugitives, the chronicle went on to say, had been much talked of all winter in the brilliant circle to which they belonged. The deserted husband was a citizen whom all delighted to honor for his business talents, his probity in public life, and his private virtues. "This affliction falls upon him with the more crushing severity from the circumstance that he has been for some months an invalid. He has the sincere sympathy of the entire community."

The editor of the humane sheet, albeit not unused to eating his own words, never penned a more humble and explicit retraction of the "unlucky error into which, through no fault of ours, we have fallen," than graced his columns the following morning. He could hardly have expressed himself more forcibly had Edward Withers really horsewhipped him, instead of threatening to do it, and to bring an action for libel as well.

Constance breakfasted in bed, at her husband's request, on the day succeeding the Pynsents' departure. The popular daily, above referred to, lay as usual by Mr. Withers' plate when he went down-stairs, folded with what was known to its constant readers as the naughty corner outermost. Harriet was engaged in concocting her cousin's cup of foaming chocolate when he opened his sheet, but she both saw and heard the paper rustle like a paper bough before a storm, then grew suddenly and unnaturally still. When Mr. Withers lowered it there was nothing in voice or expression to betray to his brother that ought was amiss. When the meal was over he repaired to his wife's room, taking

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

with him the newspaper which he had not, as was his custom, offered to pass to Edward.

Without a word he spread it before the pale woman whose haggard countenance should have moved him to delay her accusation and sentence. One swift glance took in the import of the cruel article, and she buried her face in the pillow with a cry that destroyed what faint remnant of hope might have lingered in his bosom. "My sin has found me out!"

A heavy hand was laid upon her arm. "This is childish, Constance, and you have shown yourself to be no child in craft. Nothing short of your own confession would have persuaded me that much contained in this paragraph is true, that you have abused my confidence, sullied my name, and made me the object of universal contempt—you and—and my brother!"

Constance looked up eagerly. "He has done nothing and said nothing inconsistent with honor and what he owes you. The weakness is all mine; the folly, the madness and the suffering. He never thought of me except as a sister. Surely his engagement proves this."

"What should your marriage have proved?" asked her husband, sarcastically. "It may be as you say. If I believe it, it is not because you swear it is the truth. But I did not come here to waste time in reproaches. There is but one way to put this scandal down; namely, to conduct ourselves as if we had never heard of it. Of course, as soon as can be done without exciting remark, Edward must seek another home. Our removal to the country will afford a convenient opportunity for effecting this change. As to your reputation, I charge myself with the care of it from this hour. My error has been undue indulgence."

Constance lifted her leaden eyes with a look of utter wretchedness. "If you would but suffer me to go away and hide myself from all who know my miserable story I would ask nothing else at your hands. You would the sooner forget the unhappiness brought upon you by the sad farce of marriage in which we have been the actors."

"On my part it has been no farce," replied the stern metallic voice. "I have conscientiously fulfilled the duties made obligatory upon me by my contract. You entered into this voluntarily. For what you have termed folly, you have only yourself to blame. You seem to have been tempted to your unhappy passion by an inherent love of wrong doing. As to your proposal of flight and concealment, it is simply absurd. In the first place, you leave out of view the fact that my fair name would be tarnished by an open separation, the infamy you would hide be laid bare to the general gaze. Secondly, you have no decent place of refuge. I know your brother sufficiently well to affirm that his doors would be closed against you were you to apply to him for shelter as a repudiated wife. And you have no private fortune. I shall never again of my own accord, allude to this disagreeable subject. We understand each other and our mutual position."

He kept his word to the letter. But henceforward his every action and look, when she was by, reminded her she was in bonds, and he was her jailer. Too broken-spirited to resist his will, or to cavil at the demands made upon her time and self-denial by his cold imperiousness, she marched at his chariot wheel, a slave in queenly attire, whose dreams were no more of freedom, to whom love meant remorse, and marriage pollution, the more hopeless and hateful that the law and the Gospel pronounced it honorable in all.

(The End.)

EACH convict at the Missouri penitentiary has earned just three cents more than his expenses during the past year.

MISSOURI is now represented at Manila by some of her most formidable warriors. The transport Morgan City reinforced Gen. Otis with 200 Missouri mules last week.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE.—You need for perfect health a plentiful and constant supply of pure new blood. Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood-maker tones the stomach and assists digestion. We sell it. Sneed Drug Company.

BROWN—When you get in late at night, do you always tell your wife where you have spent the evening? Jones—Not always. Sometimes I do not know.

Scalds, burns, old sores, tumors, piles are all relieved at once, and in time effectually cured by the use of that perfect ointment, Beggs' German Salve. Ask your druggists for samples and take no other. For sale by Sneed Drug Company.

SOME of the negroes who were imported into the Illinois coal-fields last fall are reported to be starving and others are in jail. That's what they get for trying to take up the white man's burden.

THE editor of the Index has a good strong case of plain, old-fashioned grip this week. Some of the natural accompaniments seem to be the headache, the back ache, the tooth ache, the eye ache, the ear ache, the toe ache, and the Lord only knows how many other aches, as every bone in the body aches at the same time, and with evident attempt to outdo its neighbors.—Slater Index.

A BOONE county editor remarks with great accuracy that this is really as some fellow predicted it would be, an open winter—open at both ends and the wind driving through at its own sweet will.

A cautious mother will always keep on hand a supply of Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup. A sudden cold may develop croup, and before you can reach a drug store the child may be past help. Delays are dangerous. We keep it. Sneed Drug Company.

Not a minute need be wasted in curing your cold if you take Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup. It acts the quickest and surest of any known remedy. No matter how bad you cough, you can sleep if you take this remedy on going to bed. Kept by Sneed Drug Company.

ONE of our soldiers at Manila writes that he went into a store to buy a tooth brush and that the storekeeper took down everything in the shop before he could be made to understand what his customer wanted. After the brush had been found the soldier learned that its native name was "tapoknos tampulse," and that it was the only one in stock.

ODIN, KAS.

BEGGS ME'G CO.—Sirs: I have used your Cherry Cough Syrup the past week for la grippe, and can cheerfully say it is a sure cure for that disease, as it cured me in a short time, and will cure others if they use it faithfully.—F. Shadle. Sold by Sneed Drug Company.

A FATHER, on going into his stable the other day, found his little son astride of one of the horses. With a slate and pencil in his hand. "Why, my boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?" "Writing a composition," was the reply. "Well, why don't you write it in the house?" asked the father. "Because," answered the little fellow, "the teacher told me to write a composition on a horse, and I'm doing it."

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S official family is greatly disturbed over recent developments in the court of inquiry, appointed to investigate Gen. Miles' embalmed beef scandal. The evidence before the court shows conclusively that incompetency in the management of the commissary department of the army during the late Spanish-American war was the rule and not the exception. Gen. Eagan, who was recently discharged from the army for misconduct, was in charge of the commissary department at the time and is by no means most blame-worthy. Secretary Alger of the war department is the real culprit on whose shoulders must rest the responsibility of furnishing inferior qualities of meat to the army, especially canned beef. He is charged with approving army contracts on the grounds that the contractors were political friends and contributors to campaign funds in time of need. It is also intimated that Mr. Alger was handsomely remunerated for directing where the contracts for canned beef should be placed. Whether these intimations are true or false they have raised such a storm of public indignation that Mr. McKinley's secretary of war will sooner or later be forced to resign his portfolio. Indeed, it is said that the president has already determined on Secretary Alger's successor, and is only waiting for the secretary to step down and out to make the appointment. In the meantime the Miles' court of inquiry is pursuing the investigation with impartiality and fairness. The indications are that Gen. Miles' charges will be fully sustained, as the evidence is accumulating in that direction. This investigation develops the further fact that canned meats, taken at their best, are certainly an unwholesome diet, especially when prepared with chemicals, as is charged by Gen. Miles. This terminates one of the most disreputable public scandals in the history of the country, and the president owes it to himself and to the people that the guilty parties be dismissed from the public service, if there is no other adequate punishment in store for them. Corruption and incompetency in high places are becoming entirely too frequent.

## Her Feminine Way.

Sammy—Katie, what will you give me for a bite of my apple? Katie (with withering scorn)—Won't div you nothing? Tommy Tucker divs me a whole apple for a tiss.—Chicago Tribune

**SEND US ONE DOLLAR** and we will send you this big \$25.00 new 1899 pattern high-grade RESERVE COAL AND WOOD COOK STOVE, by freight C.O.D., subject to examination. Examine it at your freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory and the greatest stove ever made, we will refund your dollar. GAIN YOU EVER saw or heard of pay the freight? AGENT our SPECIAL PRICE \$13.00 less the \$1.00 sent with order or \$12.00 and freight charges. This stove is size No. 8, oven is 16x18x18, top is 18x18, made from best pig iron, extra large flues, heavy covers, heavy linings and grates, large oven shelf, heavy tin-lined oven door, handsome nickel-plated ornamental trimmings, extra large deep, genuine standard porcelain-lined reservoir, hand some large ornamental base. Best coal burner made, we furnish FREE an extra wood grate, making it a perfect wood burner. We install a BURNER in every stove and guarantee safe delivery to your railroad station. Your local dealer will charge you \$2.00 for such a stove, the freight is only about \$10.00. Address: **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.) CHICAGO, ILL.** (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)



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called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee, and by all grocers and liked by all who have used it because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee, but is free from all injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health-builder, and children as well as adults can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 1-4 as much as coffee. 15c and 25c.

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EDITOR COURIER:—I have discovered a reliable cure for Consumption and all Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases. General Decline, Loss of Flesh and all conditions of Wasting Away. By its timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have been cured. So proof-positive am I of its power to cure, that to make its merits known, I will send, free, to any afflicted reader of your paper, three bottles of my Newly Discovered Remedies upon receipt of Express and Post-office address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 98 Pine Street, New York.

When writing the doctor please mention this paper.

**Cheap Dog Proves Dear.**

Charles Malone, a prominent Portsmouth farmer, was found guilty in Squire Jenkins' court of stealing a 50-cent dog from Henry Pilson, a neighboring farmer. The litigation about the ownership of the dog has already cost the man over \$100. The verdict against Malone was due to the law passed by the last legislature, which says: "Any one who shall steal an animal of the dog kind shall be deemed guilty of larceny." Heretofore the law required a valuation to be placed on the article alleged to have been stolen. Malone has appealed the case and proposes to carry it to the Supreme Court if necessary.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Unique Bible.**

The most costly book in the Royal Library at Stockholm is a Bible. It is no wonder that it is considered precious, for there is not another just like it in the world. In weight and size alone it is unique. It is said that 160 asses' skins were used for its parchment leaves. There are 309 pages of writing and each page falls but one inch short of being a yard in length. The width of the leaves is twenty inches. A Bible, the leaves of which are considerably longer than the largest newspaper at present issued, would be a big thing to handle, and when to this is added the fact that the covers are solid planks, four inches thick, it will be understood that this costly Stockholm treasure is not exactly a pocket Bible.

An exchange says that a small church was sadly in need of general repairs and a meeting was being held in it with a view to raising funds for that purpose. The minister having said \$500 would be required, a very wealthy (and equally stingy) member of the congregation arose and said he would give a dollar. Just as he sat down a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit him on the head, whereupon he arose hastily and called out that he had made a mistake; he would give \$50. This was too much for an enthusiastic brother present, who, forgetful of everything, called out fervently, "Oh, Lord, hit him again!"

Chronic nasal catarrh poisons every breath that is drawn into the lungs. There is procurable from any druggist the remedy for the cure of this trouble. A small quantity of Ely's Cream Balm placed into the nostrils spreads over an inflamed and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation, cleanses, heals and cures. A cold in the head vanishes immediately. Sold by druggists or will be mailed for 50 cents by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren street, New York.